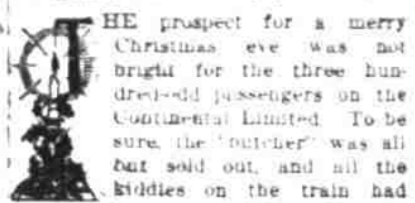


The Editor's Christmas Party

By Charles Frederick Wadsworth



HE prospect for a merry Christmas eve was not bright for the three hundred passengers of the Continental Limited. To be sure, the "butcher" was all but sold out, and all the kiddies on the train had been provided for. But the grown-up folks, who at Christmas time are not grown up as they appear at other times, had not much in prospect that would be like other years.

Here they were, almost two miles up toward the sky, with two locomotives pushing the long train from behind and two pulling in front, with a rotary ahead trying to hold a thousand tons of iron and steel together.

It seemed that of the assorted company aboard there should have been many who might have suggested something in the nature of Christmas entertainment to make the evening memorable to the school party, but all seemed to be too homesick with disappointment to start the ball rolling.

Strangely enough it was not one of the young folks who finally got things going, but a grizzled lumberman from the Northwest who started it, and Grandma Howard from New England who pronounced the benediction.

Dinner had been served and the passengers were settling back in their seats with emphasized disappointment when the big lumberman's big voice boomed through each Pullman in succession: "All you folks who can warble, come back in the parlor car. We are going to have a community sing."

The heartiness of the invitation and the novelty of the idea changed glum-



"Gathered in the Parlor Car."

ness to expectancy and frowns to grins, as the travelers rushed the tables to be first to accept.

Crowded to the doors, with every seat full, and some propped against the arms of the big upholstered chairs, the parlor car soon was ringing with "The Gang's All Here." It needed just that kind of starter to get the disappointed ones fully awake to the opportunity of yet having a real Christmas party. Then followed ever,

song that could be recalled from Sunday school days to "Dixie" and "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." The "sing" was a success, but songs were giving out and it was comparatively early in the evening.

"Some one tell a Christmas story!" It was the voice of a little old woman sitting near the writing desk who brought the laid-in festivities to renewed interest.

"All right," said the big lumberman, who had been asked to read the name of number of company, "who will be first?" There was a good deal of kidding, but no volunteer.

"Well, I've expected it to be the big lumberman going to the coast that would bring a story telling best known to all and thousands of miles away at that?" He arose and put his hand inside his coat pocket and brought forth a newspaper and handed it to the chairman.

"My friends," said he, "I wish to introduce to you a man who has been telling me Christmas stories for years. His name matters not. He lives in a little town in eastern Pennsylvania, where he publishes the little home-town paper that has been my pleasure, considerable inspiration, and afforded me a good deal of entertainment since I was a boy. It happened that I had a copy of his paper here in my pocket, and I suggest that some of the splendid Christmas stories and poems it contains be read by members of our company. I am sure all will enjoy them."

The banker's little speech was rewarded by generous applause. The reading began, first by one then another, and many a silent tear was loosed in memory of other Christmas parties, and not a little humor was mixed in, too.

At midnight the little woman by the writing desk arose and asked the big lumberman to take up a collection of a nickel apiece from those gathered in the parlor car. Glances of wonder were directed his way, but it was thought just a whim of a little old lady who was far from home in all but dissolving circumstances. While the collection was being taken, she turned to the desk and began to write on a sheet of the elegant stationery of the railroad. And this was what she wrote:

Dec. 26. "Unconsciously you have been the best at a Christmas story-telling party in the snowdrifts of the Rocky mountains. The passengers of the Continental Limited render gratitude to you for a pleasant evening afforded by the Christmas stories in your paper. We wish you and yours a merry Christmas. God bless you!"

Just as she finished writing the big lumberman dumped the coins collected on the writing desk in front of her.

"Keep the money," she said, "and at the first station send this telegram to the newspaper man who has entertained us so well this evening."

The car was in an uproar, and the little old woman was embarrassed by the attention shown her.

Then the big lumberman suggested that the message should have a signature. A number of proposals were made but the chairman turned to the writer of the message and asked: "What is your name? We will sign it with that."

"Just sign it 'Grandma Howard,' and he will know I might be any one of a million grandmas, and they're pretty much alike—especially at Christmas time away from home."

Ted's Gift to the Christ Child

AND there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

Slowly and reverently the minister read the beautiful old Christmas story to the waiting congregation. Ted settled snugly against the back of the pew and listened. He had listened to the story every Christmas morning as far back as he could remember; but today it seemed different!

"And suddenly there was with the angel, a multitude of the heavenly host," continued the minister.

Ted's eyes grew wide with wonder. It was more wonderful, more beautiful than any fairy story he had ever read.

"And, lo, the star went before them, and led them to where the young child lay."

"And they brought him gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."

Ah, those kings were rich; they could afford to bring him gifts. He pitied the shepherds. They brought no gifts; they must have been poor like him! Then he looked up quickly:

"And we, too, may bring Him gifts; the poor, as well as the aged," concluded the minister.

Ted's breath came quickly and his eyes shone with excitement. He was a little child, and he was poor, and he wanted to give the Christ Child a gift.

The people were trooping out of the church now, in merry groups. Nobody noticed the shabby little boy, who with flushed face and questioning eyes, went slowly down the steps and turned into a side street.

Suddenly he remembered; the cloud left his face and he dashed joyously down the snowy sidewalk. A wonderful thing had happened last night! Santa Claus had paid a visit to his home for the first time, although he had hung his faded, little stocking under the mantel every Christmas eve. It was so nice to have a Christmas gift of his own; Ted thought lovingly of the new top and quonked his steps.

"A little child may bring him gifts," the words rang through his head. Well, he had nothing to give. Then he stopped short—he had his top!

The next Sunday morning a little boy in a threadbare suit slipped quietly into a back pew of the great church. He carried with him an odd-shaped package, which he fingered lovingly all through the service. Then the organ played softly and he could hear the clink of the money as it fell into the collection plate. He held the precious package close to him—the plate was coming nearer—it had passed into the next pew—now it had reached him! He heard the package drop with a dull thud into the plate. Then he leaned back, unmindful of the curious glances in his direction. A little, quivering sigh escaped his lips; but his eyes were bright and there was something glad in his heart. The Christ Child had accepted Ted's gift—Jennie M. Mills, in Farm and Home.

YULETIDE NUT LOAF

Put one and one-half cupsful molasses and three-quarters of a cupful of brown sugar into a saucepan and boil until the mixture forms a hard ball, when tried in cold water, or when it registers 260 degrees by the thermometer. Add a quarter of a cupful of butter and continue to boil to 280 degrees or until brittle when tested in cold water. Next add a pinch of baking soda, two cupfuls stoned and chopped dates, one tablespoonful of lemon extract and one cupful each of blanched almonds, walnut meats, hickory nut meats, one cupful of Brazil nut meats and pecan nut meats broken in small pieces. Pour into a buttered loaf pan and leave in a cool place for 12 hours. Turn out and cut in slices. Wrap the slices in waxed paper. The candy should be stirred all the time it is cooking.

Marcia's New Year's Slogan

by Martha B. Thomas

MATTER how doggedly she tried, Marcia could not put him out of her mind. Her eyes would be looking straight at the ugly pale wood dresser in her tiny room, and there, magically pictured would appear his face. It was the strangest and most aggravating thing.

She shook herself free of these fancies and picked up a book. New Year's eve promised to pass very quietly for her. Some of the girls in the store were sitting up, but for some inexplicable reason she had declined their friendly invitations to join them. It would be so noisy, so tiresome—and then the trip home afterwards, not to mention work next day. No, she was happier in her tiny, stuffed-up room. Books were good company. He had said so, and she was nightly discovering the truth for herself.

That very day he had sauntered up to the counter where she was clerk.

"Why, she's a dainty person," he smiled again. "Not so very big, not so very small. She'd want something good, I fancy, but not too well—he seemed to be searching for the exact qualification. "Not too conspicuous of a stranger!" That was the best he could do, and they laughed together.

After careful consultation, gloves of a fine, heavy leather were bought and paid for. They were gloves that anyone would be happy to wear on the street; there was a well-made and quiet distinction about them which produced a soft sigh of wistfulness from Marcia. But she was entirely unconscious of it.

At this point in her reflections there came a knock at her door.

"Telephone, Miss Dunn," announced the landlady. There was something particularly knowing and kindly in her voice.

Marcia flew downstairs. She hardly knew what she expected, but her heart was behaving so outrageously that she could hardly gasp a feeble "Hello!" into the transmitter.

"Is that you, Miss Dunn?" asked a delightfully masculine voice.

"Yes," quavered Marcia.

"I just called up," continued the voice, "I just called up, er—" there was a break of what seemed slight embarrassment, then came strongly, "What's the use of beating about the bush? I called up to ask if I could run over to see you this evening? I'd like to persuade you to go on a mild little party with me. I tried to ask you today while I was buying those gloves, but I lost my nerve."

Marcia was able to produce faint sounds which appeared to encourage the voice at the other end.

"Your landlady knows me, because I used to come to see a man who lived there, so she can vouch for my character. For two weeks I've tried to ask you about tonight. I couldn't think of a nicer way to start the New Year, than having a little party with you."

Marcia skimmed upstairs again like a bird. What were two flights when the nicest man in the world asked you to go to the theater with him! And he was bringing the gloves for her! This was a New Year's day to remember. As she stood pinning on her hat before the mirror, she made a sudden resolution, the first that had occurred to her, though this was the proper time for doing such things. "All ways believe the best is going to happen. See how wonderfully things have turned out, and ten minutes ago I was as blue as indigo. It just shows that it is silly wasting thoughts on unpleasant subjects. This will be my New Year slogan: 'Believe the Best! It won't hurt you, and it may help!'"

Some time later when Marcia and the very nicest man in the world were enjoying the theater, she whispered to him her resolution.

He declared it was the finest one he ever heard, and then made so bold as to inquire if it had anything at all to do with his coming! Marcia pretended not to hear him.

It might be added that the gloves were a perfect fit.



I've got tickets for a show, and after that we'll have a little snack of something to eat, if you want to. And I'll bring along the gloves. . . you picked 'em out, so they ought to suit!"

Marcia skimmed upstairs again like a bird. What were two flights when the nicest man in the world asked you to go to the theater with him! And he was bringing the gloves for her! This was a New Year's day to remember. As she stood pinning on her hat before the mirror, she made a sudden resolution, the first that had occurred to her, though this was the proper time for doing such things. "All ways believe the best is going to happen. See how wonderfully things have turned out, and ten minutes ago I was as blue as indigo. It just shows that it is silly wasting thoughts on unpleasant subjects. This will be my New Year slogan: 'Believe the Best! It won't hurt you, and it may help!'"

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WANT COLUMN

No classified advertising will be taken for less than 50 cents and all advertisements sent in must be accompanied by remittance.

I will have a car load of mules in about ten days. See adv. in Courier next week. A. M. Ferree, Asheboro, N. C.

WANTED—A good, reliable, substantial farmer. Will give such a man a good chance on my land. Wm. C. HAMMER, Asheboro, N. C.

Learn at home or school. Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Civil Service on credit. Position guaranteed. EDWARDS BUSINESS COLLEGE, WINSTON SALEM AND HIGH POINT.

FOR RENT—The John Hammer house on Oak Avenue in Asheboro. Apply to Mrs. Wm. C. Hammer.

FLOWERS—For flowers for every occasion, see or phone your order to Mrs. Wm. C. Hammer, agent for Ford, High Point, N. C. Quick Delivery.

FOUND—A pair of spectacles in front of the Standard Drug company. Owner may have same by applying at The Courier office and paying for this ad.

WILL TRADE—I will trade my Buick car for a good truck. Must be in good condition or you need not apply. J. A. Holder, Asheboro, N. C.

FARMERS—ASK YOUR COUNTY Agent about fish meal for feeding poultry and pigs, then write us for samples, feeding instructions and prices. TAYLORS CREEK FISH MEAL SALES CO., DRAWER E., BEAUFORT, N. C.

FOR SALE—Five passenger Buick Six or will trade for Ford truck or real estate. E. L. Moffitt, Asheboro, N. C.

FOR SALE—Two black and white pointers, well trained, good retrievers and a pair of black and white puppies, pointers. J. W. MOFFITT, Moffitts, N. C.

FOR RENT—A two room house on South Fayetteville street, Apply. Mrs. Wm. C. Hammer.

FOR RENT—4 down stairs rooms furnished or unfurnished for light housekeeping. Centrally located. tfn 10-11-23 Box 123 City.

You will find singer Sewing Machines for sale at Smith & Tyson's store opposite Asheboro Grocery, Asheboro, and Bradner-York Furniture store in Randleman. Cash or terms. J. W. PARSON Randleman, N. C.

STOLEN—A for hire license tag number 23 for Randolph county, N. C. If located notify O. K. Staley, Rameur, N. C.

FOR RENT—One four room cottage near Asheboro Wheelbarrow Company and two room cottage on South Fayetteville Street. Mrs. W. C. Hammer.

LOST—A purse containing \$46.00 between the Bank of Randolph and my residence in the colored section of the town. Arthur Davis, colored.

Notice of a Special Election in the Town of Asheboro, North Carolina, and of a New Registration of the Voters of the Municipality

Notice is hereby given that a special election has been called and will be held on Tuesday, the 29th day of January, 1924, to determine whether a majority of the qualified voters of the Town of Asheboro, N. C., will approve the proposed sale of the Municipal Electric Light and Power Generating Plant and Distribution System to the Carolina Power Company, under and in accordance with the terms of a contract entered into between the Board of Commissioners of said Town and the said Carolina Power Company, dated the 9th day of August, 1923, which is recorded in the Current Minute Book of said Board of Commissioners, pages 192 to 195 inclusive, which has been extended for another thirty days and which is open to public inspection and may be seen on application to the Town Clerk. Said election is to be held pursuant to an order of the Board of Commissioners of the said Town of Asheboro duly adopted at an adjourned session on the 16th day of November, 1923, and in accordance with sub-section 6 of section 2623 of the Consolidated Statutes of North Carolina, and will be held pursuant to the statutes in such cases made and provided.

The polls shall be opened on the day of election from 8 o'clock A. M. until sunset. The polling place therefore is the County Court House in the Town of Asheboro. A new registration of the qualified voters of the Town has been ordered for said election. The registration books will be opened commencing with the 27th day of December, 1923, and will remain open continuously, Sundays excepted, to and including the 19th day of January, 1924. C. L. Scott, address Asheboro, N. C., has been appointed Registrar for said election. J. M. Caynes and J. B. Ward have been designated as judges of election for said special election.

By order of the Board of Commissioners of the Town of Asheboro, N. C.

This the 17th day of November, 1923.

JAMES B. NEELY, Town Clerk.

ANNNOYING KIDNEY ILLS

Makes Life Miserable for Many Asheboro People

There's nothing more annoying than kidney weakness or inability to properly control the kidney secretions. Night and day alike, the sufferer is tormented and what with the burning and scalding, the attendant backache, headaches, and dizziness, life is indeed a burden. Doan's Pills have given peace and comfort to many Asheboro people. Profit by this Asheboro resident's experience.

Mrs. Cora Elliott, Hoover St., says: "My back ached as though it would break and I was so weak I couldn't lift my baby. I had spells of dizziness and awful headaches. My kidney's acted sluggishly and painfully, too. My feet and limbs swelled. I used Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got at the Standard Drug Co. and they soon brought me relief from these ailments. The backaches left, I could do all my work and I felt just fine."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Pills—the same that Mrs. Elliott had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Seventy-five acres will be added to the State's pecan area when one Anson county farmer plants the 1,000 trees that he has recently ordered, reports County Agent J. W. Cameron. The movement is spreading.

Having qualified as administratrix, C. T. A. on the estate of Harmon Bundy, deceased before D. M. Weatherly, Clerk of Superior Court of Randolph county.

All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present them to the undersigned, duly verified, on or before the 10 day of December, 1924, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons owing said estate will come forward and make immediate settlement.

This 1st day of December, 1923. SUSAN C. BUNDY, Administratrix, High Point, N. C., Route 5. 6t-pd-12-6-23

To be successful with the orchard four things must be done—prune, spray, cultivate and fertilize.

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

for nose and throat Give Quick Relief

666 Cures Malaria, Chills and Fever, Bilious Fever, Colds and Grippe.

White and Will Not Stain

WILFRED C. CARR OPTOMETRIST Hours 9-12; 2-5 113 1/2 W. Market St., Greensboro, N. C. Practice Limited to the Examination of Eyes and the Fitting of Glasses.

FREE TO FARMERS

When you become a subscriber to the Southern Agriculturist you are entitled to an almost unlimited service of information and advice absolutely without charge.

Bring the problems of your home, your business or your community to us and they will receive the sympathetic study of editors and specialists who through years of experience have become expert in their solution. Their advice is yours for the asking.

400,000 farm families already take the "Giant of the South." If you do not, 50 cents a year or \$1 for three years will entitle you to this unpurchasable free service in addition to an unbeatable paper twice a month.

SOUTHERN AGRICULTURIST, Nashville, Tenn. The Giant of the South

HOMELITE

The PORTABLE Electric Light and Power Plant

Price \$233 complete with batteries (Model D-11) F. O. B., East Orange, N. J.

HOMELITE produces electricity for light and power wherever required.

HOMELITE is not limited in capacity—one unit 500 watts or more. Any output obtainable by adding units.

HOMELITE is made 12, 32 and 110 volts.

HOMELITE is portable, never needs a repair man to come—if need be take it to the man.

HOMELITE needs no foundation—place it where you want it and move it when you want to.

HOMELITE is compact, simple, strong, dependable, and durable.

Homelite is made by The Simms Magneto Company 276 North Arlington Avenue East Orange, N. J.

On Display at City Tire and Battery Company Asheboro, N. C. GRAY LAMBERT, Distributor, Asheboro, N. C.

NORFOLK SOUTHERN RAILROAD PASSENGER SCHEDULES

Effective January 28, 1923 Asheboro, N. C. Daily Except Sunday

Leave 8:45 a. m.—Asheboro, Elizabethtown and intermediate points connect at Star for Raleigh, Charlotte and intermediate points.

Leave 8:30 p. m.—Aberdeen and intermediate points. Arrive 1:00 p. m. Arrive 3:25 p. m.—Aberdeen and intermediate points.

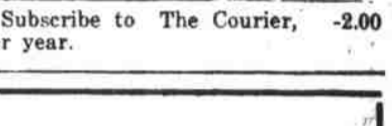
For tickets, pullman reservations and information address or apply to L. D. BURKHEAD, Agent, Asheboro, N. C.

DR. ROY T. HONGIN Chiropractor First National Bank Building Asheboro, N. C. Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m. Phones: Office, 60; residence, 241

DR. F. C. CRAVEN Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Ramseur: Monday, Wednesday and Friday Asheboro: Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Hours: 9:00 a. m. to 4:00 p. m. Phones: Asheboro, No. 22 Ramseur No. 59

HAMMER & MOSER Attorneys at Law Offices in Law Building, Asheboro. Subscribe to The Courier, -2.00 per year.

Cru-mo Contains Purified Mutton Tallow



White and Will Not Stain